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ABSTRACT

A project of the Montana Arts Council Poetry-in-the-Schools program, this book contains a selection of poems by elementary and secondary level students and discussions of the program by participating poets. The poems and discussions are divided into the following sections: "Open Window"; "In Light of Five Hours," by Ann Weisman; "Group Poems"; "Missoula's Poet-in-Your-School Program," by John Holbrook; "Blues & Brights"; "Poems in High School," by David Long; and "I Grew Wings." Included are a section on recommended resources, an index of contributors, and a list of participating schools. (LL)

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YOU

The day you came
I never knew you.
Now I do but it is too late.
I wish you could stay longer.
I have enjoyed your stay.
You brighten my day.
As the sun, you're always smiling,
trying to make us learn.
I've learned something:
not just poetry, but you.

Cathy Chamberlain
Loma Elementary School

This poem sounds like a person
who is trying to find out who he is.

Laura H.
Opheim High School

I AM AN UNKNOWN GREATNESS

POEMS & NOTES FROM MONTANA'S 1974-75 POETRY-IN-THE-SCHOOLS PROGRAM

Edited by David Long

4

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CONTENTS

OPEN WINDOW 5
IN LIGHT OF FIVE HOURS
by Ann Weisman 16
GROUP POEMS 20
MISSOULA'S POET-IN-YOUR-SCHOOL
PROGRAM by John Holbrook 28
BLUES & BRIGHTS 32
POEMS IN HIGH SCHOOL
by David Long 43
I GREW WINGS 47
SOME RECOMMENDED RESOURCES 56
INDEX 57
PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS 60

To MICHELE BIRCH
dedicated friend of the students, teachers,
& poets in Montana, 1971-1975.

OPEN WINDOW

THE ACCIDENT

The truck
Zipping along on the highway
On a bitter morning
The driver
Not knowing
Around the next corner
A sheet of ice
As long as the truck itself
Is waiting for him
The truck hauls around the bend
Hits the lumpy ice
The cheap tires don't hold
Off over the ledge
Down the steep rocky ledge
It smacks into the oak
And stays
The glass shatters
And the chill of the morning
Freezes the dead driver.

Pat Brenner
Russell Elementary
Missoula

MY HEART

My heart is like an angry bird.
Angry birds are like blowing kites.
Blowing kites are like drifting slopes.
Drifting slopes are like flowing waters.
Flowing waters are just like you.

Marshall Hayworth
Loma Elementary

TELESCOPES

Once we dissected a frog
in science. The teacher
cut him open
but didn't kill him.
He killed the part of his brain
that feels.
He exposed his heart
and we all had to go up
a row at a time
and watch its heart pump.
We had to put our fingers on it
feel it working.

The next day when
we came back to school
the frog
pinned to its cardboard deathbed
was in the garbage can
a Kleenex stuck in dried blood
around its heart. Suddenly
someone yelled "It's still alive!"
and I looked and there
through Kleenex
the tiny beating.

Susan Murdoch
Great Falls High School

THE SEA AS I SAW IT

The sea as I saw it, was blueish green,
The sea as I saw it, was full of seaweed,
The sea as I saw it, it saw me.

The beach as I saw it, was golden with sand.
The beach as I saw it, had shells from far lands.
The beach as I saw it, it saw me.

The sky as I saw it, was blue blue blue.
The sky as I saw it, had a golden sun.
The sky as I saw it, it saw me.

I felt the sea, I tasted it too.
I felt the sea, it tasted of salt.
I felt the sea, it felt me.

I felt the beach, I felt the sand.
I felt the beach, it's smooth and rough shells
I felt the beach, it felt me.

I felt the sky, its cooling breeze.
I felt the sky, its warm warm sun.
I felt the sky, it didn't feel me.

Kathy Horesji
Lewis & Clark Elementary
Missoula

My strawberry looks like a baby's
fist with a grass bracelet.

Connie Hahn
Jefferson Elementary
Missoula

Rain is like a teardrop
that is running down
the face of the air.

Plenty Coups High School
Pryor

SEEING

Water on the streets
from heavy rainfall
in the raingutters
breaking on the pavement
water drops shoot up like dolphins

wreckages, planes
decaying for a hundred years
once soaring like eagles

brown destructed houses
a broken toilet
then a mansion white as roots
and through the clouds
mountains, snow.

Debi Morrow
Billings Senior High School

FALL

Invisible the wind that howls,
falling leaves all around.
Sky darkening earlier every night.
Everything changes like
the changing of the jackrabbits.

Ella Crawford
Browning Junior High

HERON IN AUTUMN

Heron is a small blade of grass
in a rolling field.

All the roads are dusty now,
filled with holes.
The cottonwood's leaves sound
like soft chimes in the wind.
As I walk through the trail on
the other side of town, the dead
twigs crackle below me.

The summer's dead, it is autumn now.

Shelley Sharp
Heron Elementary

passing indian john hill

passing indian john hill
& 11 cows chewing on riverbed
driftwood & riverstones
later on a graveyard
enclosed by cyclone fence
& montana cattle car
nothing moves
but this pane of glass
too cold for hand or tongue
passing indian john hill
you ask about indian john
i give you the cows & driftwood
gravemarkers & cold glass
ask if we can go faster

Kim Anderson
Sentinel High School
Missoula

The leaf floated softly through the air
like it hadn't a trouble, hadn't a care.
To see it better I laid on the ground
and I saw it hit without a sound.

Chris Sieben
Paxson Elementary
Missoula

AN ENDLESS WILDERNESS

When a season comes another one goes, but one's also here
never deserting us. The Sky, I think is an important thing.
Sometimes it's a burning torch or rolling hills.

The sky is an endless wilderness of colorful things,
in fall full of fluttering wings.

The sky is flaming with the sunset that comes just
as the sun is sinking behind the mountains.

The sky is an open mouth, not really a mouth to be afraid
of for fear of swallowing you up, but
a mouth that you could go into and look at all the colorful things
sitting glowing on their shelves.

Nedra Chandler
Longfellow Elementary
Bozeman

RAIN

I like the rain. It's like standing in a giant shower.
Who knows when it will stop, surely not us.
The rain is a giant waterfall coming down from the sky.
When will it stop?
It will stop when the lakes in the sky run dry,
as dry as bread left on the cupboard for four days.

Sara Croft
Browning Junior High

THE GRASS

I come and go and come for many years,
for every year that comes my way.
I never forget to come for you.
I go all over the world.
I am like frogs covering the land.

Carrie Connelly
Browning Junior High

THE BUTTERFLY

Over my head, I see the bronze butterfly
that flies in the air like a feather
that has gone away from its home.
The bronze butterfly is as free as the wind,
going and coming as it pleases.
Its wings are like the flapping
of mud flaps on a truck.
I wonder if the bronze butterfly
will always be over my head.

Margaret
Opheim High School

EAGLE SONG

I see an eagle sitting on a rock at the top of the mountain.
He looks around the green rich land below. He gets ready to fly.
He spreads his beautiful golden wings out. I look up at him.
He has sharp silver claws, his eyes are shining gold.
His beak is pointed and sharp.
I see he is all shimmering!
He sees a little snake on the ground. He dives for it
and now the snake is in his sharp claws.
I see he is great and beautiful.

Denise Stump
Rocky Boy School

AS THE DEER RUN

As the deer run, I see visions.
One of the visions is that when the deer run
they know I am there. When they stop,
I hear noises of other animals. The blue jay
makes a noise like a robin. And when the wind blows,
I hear the leaves fall from the trees.
As I walk through the forest, I see animals like bear
and squirrel. I see the mountain tops and think;
How do the animals live in such a cold region,
so high above.

Darrell Armstrong
Browning Junior High

MY DOG

My dog is big and never sleeps.
Its legs are the lightning streaks
that come during a storm.
Its eyes are like the stars in the sky
that glow during the night.
It has the body of sun
which gives warmth to flowers and trees.
Its head is the moon which glows in the nighttime.
Its ears are the sky,
high above the earth.

Robert Eagleman
Rocky Boy School

CAT

My cat's eyes are like the design
of a marble
His teeth are sharp like a dull
rusty knife.

Lodge Grass Elementary

THE HORSE

The horse running in the wind,
the tall grass running with its colt.
When alone, she calls to her mate
and he comes trotting with the greatest of ease.

Peter Wolf
Sunnyside Elementary
Great Falls

THE RACCOON

Raccoon, raccoon, as you lie
I like to watch you in the eye.
I like to sit and fix my tie.
I also always want to cry
and then I am going to die.

Mike S.
Irving Elementary
Bozeman

GRANDPA

My grandfather wore shoes covered with mud
and the soles falling off.
And he was wearing baggy trousers
with an old belt to hold them up.

A couple of buttons had popped off my
grandpa's plaid shirt and he held a pipe
in his teeth. His fluffy grey beard was
singed from it and so was a shabby hat
that shaded his eyes and hid
the expression in them.

Chrissy Heinen
Jefferson Elementary
Missoula

GRAMMA'S HAT

When the sky's silver flowers
bent down to kiss the earth,
Gramma's hat was stolen
from the pantry shelf.
Dad wanted to call the militia
but mother calmed him down.
He should know by now
that George Washington
would take care of everything.

Terri
Ronan High School

GRAMPA

I dreamed I was canoeing in a sardine can.
I was floating down the pulsating rapids
of your mind, flying through life and time,
love and hatred. I saw
all that life has not begifted to me.
I saw things through your eyes
that are now impossible for me to see.

Terry DeBonde
Bozeman High School

MY COUSIN, TORI

There she is, Tori
Playing in the sun.
She's a little redhead.
Fell in the pool,
got all wet,
waddled around.
Told her mom.

Cheryl Rippley
Rattlesnake Elementary
Missoula

She doesn't know
that I know
that she's writing
about who she
likes in this room
of girls and boys
She's saying who
she loves that
might be in any
room. He's in
the fifth row of
any room he may
be in.

Lisa O'Reilly
Lewis & Clark Elementary
Missoula

THE GUNSLINGER

The quick tall gunfighter
could flash a silky smile
that would send chills up
his opponents spine or
make his knees feel
like ashes. His jawbone
stuck out as if it was
cut out with a hacksaw.
But most of all,
his expert swiftness
rented quite cheap.

Scott Tichenar,
Meadow Hill Elementary
Missoula

THEY FIT IN THEIR PLACE

All people are dull wedges.
They fit in their place.
The youngest are colorful circles.
They don't fit in their place.

When they become older their colors fade.
They start to fit in place.
The children lose their colors from no thought,
And no ideas of their own.
They start to become dull,
But they fight to hold their ways.
The others sand them.
Then they become a dull fitting wedge.
They fit in their place.

Dave Bumbeck
Prescott Elementary
Missoula

IMAGES

The sun is a pingpong ball that bounced too high.
A rock is a tear from a forgotten child.
A tree is a carrot that grew too large.
A doorknob is a diamond that someone forgot to polish.

A man is steel that someone didn't temper.
A woman is a willow that cannot be broken.

Kathy Walker
Ronan High School

CHIPS OF WISDOM

Chipped chrome winks
Like sun on waxed paper.
A wooden fence
Will pinch you if you get too close.

Your throat will fool you
If you talk too fast,
And a grin cheers you
On a burned out day.

Cheryl Boehning
Stevensville High School

IT WAS HOT

It was hot.
We were walking in the desert.
The heat knocked us down.
We touched the sky.
We saw a vulture's nest
with three little ones in it.
The vultures flew high,
waiting for someone to lie down and die.
We set camp in the crevices of the hills.
The sand looked like a blanket of salt.

Mary Ann D.
Ronan High School

COUNTDOWN

A silent proud pad ready for launch
the school sits in manganese moon shadow
empty of its unfolding world stories
some open to all
some locked in heavy time mists
the pad is burning for its proverbial Einsteins
leans more toward black light Archie Bunkers
a star number of cardboard incidents await
all tied by universal dental floss to the silent pad.

Gary Parks
Granite High School
Philipsburg

THE RED THING

One afternoon while I was
playing baseball
I looked up in the sky
& saw a red thing. Soon
it landed right on my foot,
so I screamed as loud
as I could because the pain
was just killing me.
And then suddenly it stopped
and I looked down at my foot
and it was gone.
And I began to play again.

Lucky
Ronan High School

VISITING THE GALLERY

An ancient ladder
hung against the barn's wall.
It led up through a hole
in the floor of the loft.

I walked across the damp hay
to the column of light
falling from the hole.
I left the dark
musty room below me
when I climbed the rotted rungs
to the loft.

I became myself
in the midst of the tree slices.
The hot sun
burned lines in the weathered boards
of the floor.
The same sun
was mother
of those dead trees.

I shared the air
with flies and pigeons
whose door was the large
open window,
framing the country
in front of me.
A single entry on the gallery wall,
painting itself as it hung open
to the birds.

Joe Scheer
Bozeman High School

COUNTRY SUNSHINE

As I sat on the countryside,
The sun shone brightly in my eyes.
A slight breeze sent a chill up
my spine as I sniffed the oak
and the pine. I laid my head back
on the young spring grass as
the dew on the ground glittered
like brass.

Gary Fabricius
Prescott Elementary
Missoula

MY RADIO

My radio is a wonderful thing.
It keeps me up at night.
It turns me on like a bear with its cubs.
It also is a terrible thing.
It keeps me up at night worrying.
The news is like an earthquake
falling on one million people,
making them suffer, little by little, by burying them.

Kurt Grosse
Sunnyside School
Great Falls

MY BRAIN WAVE

My brain wave is made of a turquoise cloud.
When I sleep, it floats in the air.
When I'm awake, it's my head.
I feel like the six million dollar man.
I feel good all over the place.
I don't feel sick,
and I don't feel mad.
I want to play.
My brain wants to work.
I feel good.

Kenny Watson
Rocky Boy School

My breathing sounded like a stream. I wanted to be a poet. I wish my dog was here, wish I had a canoe and cabin, wish I could see the brain and how it works. To actually really see what the universe is like in a ship. I miss my old friends and wish they were here, wish I could live to the end of man, live in South Dakota, wish all the relatives I ever had were here, to have a potter's wheel, to go hunting and get some deer, to have a cat and an aquarium, to have all the records in the universe, to be able to see into the future, to have a spaceship, to live under the water in a home and as a fish, to have all the dinosaurs alive, to make airplanes, motorcycles, fly like a bird, have an airplane. I like to swim.

Joe D.
Morningside Elementary
Great Falls

Boy howdy man. It sure is wonderful letting all your thoughts wander and roam into space. It feels like a comet sitting in the sky all along just thinking about all of things it is going to do as it zooms through space. I feel like a dove about to fall in love with my world and all the things in it. My hand is getting tired from doing all of this writing and expressing all your thoughts away. I sure hope I become a poet. I sure like those days in Florida when we went to bayfront park and swam like a bunch of little fishes out of water. Now my face shows my very very best friend.

Tom A.
Morningside Elementary
Great Falls

IN LIGHT OF FIVE HOURS

Ann Weisman

In light of five hours my friend, in certain beams, is like an everlasting decade. But the five hour beam we have shared is but a trifle through an hour glass. I believe you learn by every situation, by every union, for every mind can teach us something. The answer is yes to the knowledge I've gained. ... As always time shared is short, too short at times for memory. In light of five hours you've shared has been beautiful.

Jerry Zindler
Bozeman High School

And now, we ask, "What happened in these five hours?" A poet came to Bozeman High School and conducted creative writing workshops. During the course of that week, something living and growing emerged. This is how it happened.

As my year as a Poet in Residence progressed, I felt the need to find my own theme. I had borrowed ideas from my co-workers, but I was using their approaches, not my own. Then, early in the winter, I found a poem by Robert Kelly, titled "The Masks." And I knew I had found my theme.

We normally think of a mask as something to hide behind. I began asking my classes if there was something more to a mask. Perhaps, I ventured, a mask is more than a shield. Could it be that a mask is a receptacle of power and that when we put on a mask, we take on the power of that mask? When we put on a mask, the power changes us, but we do not lose our Selves. Instead, new dimensions of being are added to our Selves.

The week begins with a discussion of mask. The students accept my definition without much difficulty. The masks are our keys to our imaginations. The creative part of our minds, so often hidden in a dusty corner, is now brought to the surface and will be stretched and asked to grow.

We begin trying on masks the first day. I read poems dealing with the theme of the mask we will try on. I have found many traditional Native American and African poems that lend themselves well to this. They are a good place to begin.

"Choose an animal. Perhaps one you always wanted to be. Or one you've admired. Or one who has been a mystery to you. Create a mask of that animal in your mind and slip that mask on the inside of your head. Then write a poem that tells me what your life is like."

A WOLF I AM

A wolf I am, strong and beautiful
A wolf I am, misunderstood.
I am not just a killer,

a hunter I am, having pity
on the sick and weak,
sparing them of their sorrows
and sending them to their maker.
A wolf, I am hunted by
dog and man and bitten by trap.
A wolf I am. A wolf I'll be.
And wolf, I'll die.

Dan Webster
Ronan High School

SQUIRREL

As I run along this tree trunk,
I can feel the cool bark under my paws.
It is cool on my paws as April rain on
moldering leaves.
This bark is rough but it gives a good grip.
God bless rough tree bark.
Without it all I could do is slip around
like grass in a hot fry pan.

Rose Goldenstein
Bozeman High School

POEM

A dog is a dog and a cat is a cat
and a boy is a boy and a girl is a girl
but who is me. Me, I do not know.
Who cares if I'm a dog or a cat
or a boy or a girl. I do not care.

Woodrow Bear Child
Browning Junior High School

"Choose a season, or a time of day, or a celestial body. Slip its mask over your brain. Tell us, in a poem, what your life is like."

I AM THE MOON

I come out after the sun goes down.
Coming out, spreading light rays
not as bright as the sun,
like a man with a flashlight
who is helping his friends,
the deer and other little animals,
be able to see in the dark to eat.
Sometimes I come in a shape of a banana,
or a bowl that is pouring out water,
or just the plain old me, the shape of
a round yellow cookie that has just been baked.

Keith Aylesworth
Ronan High School

NIGHTFALL

Friends, I come in pleasure to a man inside.
He plans infinitely the unmended soul.
I come from where no memories are today as
tomorrow's.
All are afar, trusting no more.
Now, I won't forget.
I am not too enabled
for I have seen you far and near.
I am nightfall, who is not clear,
a reality, not known from quantities,
from old and new.

Jeanne
Opheim High School

As the week progresses, we explore other realms. "Become a dreamer. Tell us of your dream."

POEM

I dreamed I was a beautiful eagle
flying in the beautiful sky.
I dreamed I was a chief sitting in
a beautiful teepee smoking a pipe.
I dreamed I was water going down
the steep hill, crying.

Fredrick Coffey
Rocky Boy School

I HAVE ALWAYS DREAMPT OF FLY AWAY HANDS

I have always dreampt of my father's hands.
5 o'clock sweat, raising children is dirt.
Crop failure hards with thistles under his fingers,
made of plows.
I have always wanted to own them,
passing year hands.
I know I could wear them well.
with every finger as a child.
I could hold them and
pray they don't fly away.

Mary Anne Miller
Ronan High School

The week moves on and we try on a variety of masks. We become oppressed people and we become braggarts. We become hosts, inviting guests to magical places. We become wanderers — we listen to music and the music takes us on a journey. We even become people who can talk to animals or parts of our bodies.

ENDLESS HIGHWAY

While I listen to the radio,
I drive at a calm, slow speed.
I look at every road sign,
wonder when I get to the next town.
I go on a highway that seems to go forever,
sign after sign, hill after hill.
I think of the sleep I missed.

Bob Adams
Ronan High School

THE SHELL

The beats of my heart sound
like an ocean roaring through my fearless heart.
The shell gives me a funny feeling
that it is going to die with me someday.

Marshall Hayworth
Loma School

LITTLE FLY

Little fly — little fly, come and land
on my thumb. Come and be my friend.
I will take you everywhere I go.
Come little fly, come.

Stephanie
Irving Elementary
Bozeman

COME TO THE UNFORGOTTEN

Come onto the unforgotten.
The land — peace and freedom and happiness
that is never forgotten.
No wars to fight,
all light to night,
the pleasure never forgotten.
The wonderful colors to see,
the beautiful sights to see,
comfortable freedom for ever and ever.

Brian J. Phillips
Irving Elementary
Bozeman

We try on as many masks as possible because one mask cannot excite everyone's imagination. I tell students this, so that no one feels that he or she is a failure because they did not write a poem one day. This is important. Keys to the imagination are as varied as we are as people.

The end of the week looms ahead. In the high school, we leave masks and begin the sticky business of revision. The poems have been written in fifteen or twenty minutes and they need work. So we work, and refine them into finished pieces. In the junior high and elementary, we make masks of our poetry person. I then ask the students to write a poem, telling me what it is like behind the mask.

BEHIND THE MASK

On the mask is dreadful eyes,
but what's behind it? Days of dawn
or maybe sounds of crying,
who would ever know.
What's behind the mask?
Could it be sounds of voices, people singing?
Oh what is it behind the mask?
Could it be darkness of clouds?
What is behind the mask?
I think its the feeling of other people
you care about or it could be just what it is.
Who would ever know.

Cheryl St. Goddard
Browning Junior High

MASK

A mask is a face to face
with the material that you made,
facing a face of one face you made
of a face that you thought of.
Masks are a bright thing to wear on Halloween
but not on any other day
or maybe at night either.

Calvin Weather Wax
Browning Junior High

In this week, we have been many different things. We have expanded our imaginations and expressed ourselves in language. Sometimes, we have even learned something about ourselves. As Delora W. from Browning Junior High says,

"I like writing these poems because they're fun and it brings out all the hung up problems in you and after writing your poem, you feel free, more out of control and you can understand your problems easier. It sort of lets out the beast in some people."

The week is ended. I have given myself, both thoughts and feelings, to the students. And they have shared their thoughts and feelings with me.

THE POET

There was a poet.
She was very nice,
even if the mice clinked
crawling across the floor.
She teached poetry when she
reached in her bag and said,
"What do I get, some smiles
or hymns of the world today?"
So she stayed a week and taught
poetry and also she reached in her bright orange bag.

Marty Hayworth
Loma Elementary

GROUP POEMS

I DON'T LIVE IN THE DIRT

When the last stars were too dim to see, he stood and looked around. The birds chirped like monkeys faraway.He felt like he'd been sleeping in a cloud. He saw one star and it spoke to him like a tree. It seemed to say "you can be afraid if you want but if I were you I'd look where I was standing." He looked at his feet where a tiny forest of mushrooms was growing. He asked the mushrooms "do you know where I live?" The head mushroom started laughing and just said "how could you be so ridiculous, worrying about home, how silly, home is where you pop through the ground!!" "But you don't understand," he said to them, "I don't live in the dirt, I live in a house. You should see my house. It's white as girls' shoes and it's tall and it's full of windows that are like squares of air and it has stoves and floors like shiny rock and it's made of trees with their fingers all tied together and it has a roof that keeps everything dry and it has curtains like hanging grapevines and it has an indoors that's like being inside a coconut and it has a huge red chimney."

3rd Grade
Collins Elementary
Black Eagle

EYES LIKE A BLACK SUN

Once I saw a cat, but I never saw it again. It had fur like the inside of a pillow, like the black of a witch's hat, like a sweater worn by a star, like the moon putting on its shadow, like a fish eating snake fire. The cat went into the river where he lives. I see footprints in the snow. I hear fighting under the water. At night I dream of an eye shining like a black sun.

Grades 1 & 2
Collins Elementary
Black Eagle

GREEN

Green scrapes and squeaks.
It is a hard honking and scratchy.
Green is bouncy.
I saw a green box — it said "Close me."
I saw a big green bike squeaking.
I saw a green puppy going around town.
I saw a green hippo swimming in a regular pond.
I heard a green chair singing "Three Blind Mice."
I heard a green flower say "Pull me, pull me."
I saw a green carrot but I didn't eat it.
I saw a green fish swimming in green water.
I saw a green dress that laughed red laughter.
I saw a green kid doing nothing.
I saw a green tree dancing.

Primary Class
Loma Elementary

THE FUNNY COLORS OF GREEN (LIKE WHEN GREEN IS MIXED IN WITH PURPLE)

Green feels like sleeping in the grass.
Butterflies are green in the same way.
Bananas are green and they like to grow.
Green feels very heavy and soft.
Green feels like cotton.
When green talks, it says, "I don't know."
Green grows around in circles.
A bird is green and an elephant is green.
Green is the color of a monkey.
Green sounds like a tornado
and the tornado is in a field.
Green is the color of a cow and a horse.
The globe is green all over.
The sky is green all over.
The green leaf flies up.

Mrs. Thomas' Class
Hall Elementary

RULES FOR KINDERGARTENERS

Don't go by a ship making big waves.
Don't drive like a cop.
Don't go in the forest unless you know there's not too many animals.
Don't go by red ants.
Have thunder rods on your house.
Don't jump over the mountain.
And don't climb mountains either.
Don't go by grizzly bears.
Drive your combines slow and straight.
Don't push logs out into the river.
Do get messy when you eat chocolate cream pie.
Don't get near a witch.
Be funny like a clown.
Don't get lost.

Darin, Bruce and Kevin
Carter Elementary

SILLY RULES

If somebody falls off a tree, they'll get in the street.
When a worm tickles you, it doesn't tickly.
Breathe under oceans.
Let houses fall down on you.
When someone punches you in the stomach, it doesn't hurt.
When you paint a picture, the rules are not to press down.
When somebody paints a building, it keeps dripping in their shoes.
You get cold when you're in the sun.
A house will fall down if you paint it.
Leave the pictures in the house.
When you paint a star, it cracks and breaks up and falls on your head.
Don't let cars run over your toes.
If you see a hole, the door falls down.
When you write your name, it's not there.

Mrs. Sperry's Class
Irving Elementary
Bozeman

MY THIRD EYE

My third eye can see foot odor.
My third eye can see everything happening at once.
My third eye can see snow falling on the sun.
My third eye can see seeds growing under the Mediterranean Sea.
My third eye can see Santa Claus swimming in a volcano on Pluto.
My third eye can see a pig as big as rabbits dancing in a toilet bowl.
My third eye can see polar bears floating in the air over a nudist camp.
My third eye can see my next door neighbor's girdle.
My third eye can see green turtles flying by the window.
My third eye can see Frankenstein wearing a bra.
My third eye can see a war going on under the ocean.

3rd Grade
Whittier Elementary
Bozeman

HOW IT GOT ITS VOICE

Before cars, before dinosaurs, before the first blade of grass came up through the dirt, it drank from the river, it fell in the river. It swallowed water, small fish, weeds, animals no bigger than the world looks like from the big dipper. In its black stomach the water grew and spoke to him, it growled, it snarled, it grew louder and bigger until everything started to look at it. The grass said you look like rocks clanging together, like a pine crashing to the ground, like I sound when lightning hits me. It looked at the grass for a minute and said I'M ALIVE! Then it swallowed the grass whole.

THIS THE MORNING

This is the morning that I washed my face and it fell off
This is the morning that I put my make-up on and when I looked in the mirror my face was upside down
This is the morning I got up and took a bath and when I got out my head fell on the floor
This is the morning that days go backwards
This is the morning that my dog ran around and around outside chasing nothing until he died
This is the morning I put my shoes on backwards and they fit
This is the morning the floor wasn't there and we had to walk on the walls
This is the morning that you flew off the deck into a flock of geese going south
This is the morning the rats eating my fingers woke me up
This is the morning my socks went to ashes when I went to put them on
This is the morning I saw the world in black and white
This is the morning popcorn reversed and went back to seeds
This is the morning I turned on the shower and worms came out
This is the morning that a bird came to my window and sang Bach
This is the morning that I happened and I missed it
This is the morning that the toilet flushed the wrong way
This is the morning that I fell out of love and was happy
This is the morning that I woke in your arms and was lonely
This is the morning I washed my teeth with Crest and they all fell out
This is the morning when my cheerios get up and use the lumps of sugar as stepping stones to a chairlift to the ground
This is the morning when everything is round but cannot seem to roll
This is the morning that the landlord broke a stick of licorice over my head as I bent over to touch the ceiling
This is the morning that the hospital threw out the stockpile of blood into the streets and the blackbirds bathed in it
This is the morning that made all rainbows black and blue
This is the morning that weeps over the living and not the dead
This is the morning that I heard two drunks talking about an old, grey witch at the hospital and found out it was my mother
This is the morning that I saw a mantis eating a grasshopper and it looked like Tom Jones and his mic
This is the morning that the Mafia came and pulled out my eyelashes with pliers
This is the morning that I disappeared
This is the morning that I was born again
This is the morning that the Tidy Bowl man jabbed me with his oar
This is the morning that I woke up and my mind was blank and the first thing I did was blank
This is the morning that Snap, Crackle and Pop went Bing, Bam and Boom
This is the morning that the sun turned red and the earth cracked open and everyone fell inside
This is the morning that people were sick of having mornings
This is the morning I woke up and had a cramp in my bed instead of my leg

This is the morning the t.v. watched all of us And the radio turned me on
This is the morning when books started reading us And boats flew and planes sank
This is the morning Morse Code intercepted us
This is the morning deer hunted me And guns gave life
This is the morning King Faisal's oil turned to Kool-Aid
This is the morning that my alarm clock was blown to bits by a 50 mm howitzer and it kept ringing
This is the morning that a brigade of 300 gophers took over my bed
This is the morning after last night, whenever *it* was
This is the morning that I finished what I started tomorrow

Ronan High School

ARGUMENT

"Of the last survivors on earth
Oh! It would have to be you!"
"Particulates," I fumed.
"There's a plastic shark gnawing on your knees with stainless cardboard teeth," said Rick.
"Glassy chocolate Johnson's feast on your soul," I cursed.
"Your greasy shirt smells good," said Rick.
"Positive atrocities melt your funny mother, miss," I chuckled mischievously.
"May tennis shoes melt and dribble from your ears in red hot feathers to sear your armpits," Rick choked out.
"Gastric juices constant from your sister's brother while Janice feasts on your singing Bosanova," I replied, though almost stymied.
"Go fly a banana to the milkyway and drown," screamed Rick.
His concession still in mind I followed up slyly, "In antation frivolously merits our favor though knowledgeable temptations are visited frequently," and closed in with, "Our point is clear, concede friend."
"Your magic belt buckle remarks! I think you need a new pair of french fries," Rick commented wryly. Alas, I fumed anew, thought boiling back to the top of my mind, "Your inconsistent castles fall from the Roman Empire with scrambled eggs toppling their Stoic personalities," I hissed. Rick capered to a nearby rock where he stood quivering, shaking his finger, and said accusingly, "Your seedless pickle has misfired again, and the broken hubcaps assault your mind and it collapses in your ketchup bottle."
I trembled, and marched off toward Dandelion muttering, "Banglesnaps!" all the way.

Rick Morrow & Ken Harvey
Billings Senior High School

3 sestinas

CABIN FEVER, 25 BELOW

I saw the sky
shine on the black snow.
The ponderosa cracked
like a rock bleeds.
Needles fell on the tile
like weather on the mountains.

Crisp and purple were the mountains
under the diamond sky
polished like glazed tile.
Breathing away the snow
I watched my eyes bleed
as dawn began to crack.

As my eyelids cracked
I could not see the mountains.
All around me roses bled
into the famished sky.
Rodents made of snow
boogied along the tiled

ice, which was tiled
along the blue crack.
The bubbled shadow on the snow
moved down the mountain,
moved like planets across the sky.
I saw icicles bleed,

I saw the stars bleed
reflecting on the tile
of the deadening sky.
Nothing but endless cracks
and terrible festering mountains.
The charred snow

ate up the barnacled snow.
I still bleed
along with the mountains
along with the bleached tile
that now cracks
like green stones in the sky.

The sky becomes snow
as they crack and bleed
like tiles crushed by a mountain.

June Safford's Class
Bozeman Senior

FOREVER

There was an old rusty gate
stained with light
paint that the children used to rush
up on, now splashed with red
blood where they threw the blue jay.
It was the end of his journey!

He starts a new journey
through a marshmallow gate
to find the divine Blue Jay
whose beak glows in the light
like a mirror. In his red
eyes a knife rushing

like the starlight rush
of still another journey.
For a while, red
nightmares, swampy gates,
subways filled with moonlight.
Only one stoned blue jay,

alone. A blue jay
frightened by the icy rush
of the fire whose light
blinds his journey.
Another petrified gate
touched with red,

kissed by red
salamanders. The blue jay
crashes through the gate
in a frantic biting rush,
this endless journey
winding through foggy light

through the only light
coming from the red
trees. A journey
in which the groundless blue jay
keeps falling and rushing
at the closing gate.

No gates in this distant light.
Only the rush of smothering red
and a single blue jay
in his one circling journey.

Columbia Falls High School

INSIDE A GLITTERING BONE

We reached for outer space.
Running down our cheeks, tears
like a crazy jigsaw puzzle,
like a Labrador dreaming of a bone.
He had magic on his face
& his mind stretched

out & his stretched
fingers struggled for space.
He wasn't afraid to face
an Amazon of world tears
or the light from his own bones.
He couldn't imagine. It was like a puzzle
the kind of rotting puzzle
you find stretched
over buried papery bones
in the farthest black space.
His retreating tears
dried on his face.

Also on his dripping face
something like a future puzzle
except that tears
can't be stretched
into the dark space
inside a glittering bone.

Everywhere, horse bones,
everywhere, green wretched faces
winking & disappearing into space
into a magestic puzzle
that might have been stretched
forever over a god's tears.

He dropped diamonds like
an eagle's tears,
he flew like an arrow of bone.
His arms outstretched,
his aspen leaf face
making a last puzzle
& dreaming of space,

the space between space & tears
& his paralyzed puzzled bones.
His face was stretched like fire.

Pace Program
Chief Joseph Elementary
Great Falls

MISSOULA'S POET-IN-YOUR-SCHOOL PROGRAM

John Holbrook

What's Missoula's Poet-In-Your-School Program all about? It's about School District #1 and the Montana Arts Council (via funding from the National Endowment for the Arts) putting their heads and hearts together during the summer of 1974 so that I would be employed full-time, primarily as an artist, a poet, and secondarily as a language arts consultant, working with more than 6,000 children (K-8) in 18 elementary schools.

Was this a bold and innovative step for a school district to have taken? You bet it was. I can't brag enough about how well the program was received this past 1974-75 school year. I found support everywhere and its successes grew beyond all of my expectations. Students, teachers, administrators, parents, and a lot of down-to-earth folk are very proud of the fact that Missoula is unique among all but one other school district in the nation. Only the city of Minneapolis, as far as I know, has another poet working full-time.

What are the general aims of this program? They are these: 1) to establish at an early age an audience for good poetry, especially contemporary American poetry; 2) to provide students with an opportunity to see a 'real live' poet at work — listening to me read and talk about my own poetry, asking how I made my poems; 3) to create a stimulating environment for students to write their own poetry; 4) to make myself available as a resource person very much interested in supporting and/or complementing existing language arts programs.

What are some of the general goals I felt the program was capable of achieving? I felt that through readings (it cannot be emphasized enough that poetry, as an oral medium, is a tremendously important performing art) children would become better listeners, that by sharing my work and the works of other poets I could help them develop an appreciation and tolerance for a variety of experiences and attitudes of others. I felt I could help students — in their study of language— feel good about themselves and the creative/learning processes they would be going through. I felt that I could assure them that their writing was and *is* a reflection of the importance of their own lives

and that their growth as human beings and their continuing study of language both involve the same living process. I felt I could encourage students to explore in greater depth their own creative impulses, that it was fine to be able to have as much fun with language as they could with toys or at play. I felt the way I could make my presence felt through language in my own poems would encourage them to expand the boundaries of their own language usage. I felt that my enthusiasm for good writing would make them become better readers, perceptive and appreciative of not only their own writing but that of others. I felt I could encourage them to begin to view all literature as an effort — and a rewarding one — to respond to one's experience in creative ways.

Was the program a success? Judging by my own delight, the fun I had watching the children having fun creating, how rewarding it was for me to share with them their joy of language, how important it made me feel to step back while a child stood up in front of class reading his poem and realizing right then and there the usefulness of his imagination, how great it was to hear from librarians that students were cleaning out the shelves of poetry, how neat it was to hear a teacher say this kid hasn't done a thing all year and now look at him! or that this girl or that boy were wanting to spell better to improve what they had written, and how grand it was to have giddy students stuffing poems in my pockets in the lunch room or between classes while walking down halls, poems they had not written in class but during recess or lunch or at home...yes, I'd say the program was a success. And by a landslide!

What's a typical session like for students when I visit their school? If I haven't met with a particular group before I always devote our first meeting to becoming acquainted with one another. I start off reading poems that are immediately comprehensible, fun, humorous, even nonsensical. I share several anecdotes about the kind of stinker I was when I was their age. This usually creates a lot of laughter, an easing of apprehensions. Laughter has a way of breaking down most any barrier one might run into. When I tell them I once got my fanny tanned good for blowing up a light bulb in a lamp sitting on a coffee table next to our sofa with a bull's eye shot of pickle juice from a huge dill pickle I happened to have been munching on, we all zoom right up to the ceiling like a herd of bubbly angels. I move then to poems written by some of my favorite poets, a few deceased but most still alive and writing. And they really like hearing that a lot of these people are good friends of mine too. I start off with poems I know will be accessible to their age level experience and compentency with language, and from there to poems where figurative language, imagery, and rhythm become the heart of the matter, this stuff we call poetry. I finish our first session reading 4 or 5 of my own poems with careful explanation of when, why, and how I wrote them. I talk, too, of what my intentions through language were for each poem. And I never forget to tell them how much work each poem took, how many revisions I lived through to get the thing exactly the way I wanted it. Then I read them, and more often than not am asked to re-read them immediately. These sessions, depending on age level, last anywhere from thirty minutes up to a full hour.

Do I have a favorite approach, a sure-fire set of exercises to guarantee each child will write a good poem? No, not really. My emphasis is not that each child should write a "good" poem (this would be impossible) but rather making sure

they are having fun doing it and that they can feel proud for having written something that only they were capable of writing. Poetry is where you find it and if you're lucky, if it happens to be your day, you can make it happen on paper. For one child language and experience, freedom and control might come together as a new event and we call this a "good" poem. And while one exercise might trigger something beautiful and exciting for this child, it might not be quite the cup of tea for another.

So what does one do? One comes to class well-armed, with an armada of tricks and games, and he tries a few of them and he takes home with him reams of poems the children have written. And he reads them and takes pains to write complimentary notes on each piece of paper. He takes note, too, of the relative successes or failures of each exercise and goes from there. And where does he go? He might decide to follow through with his original plans, sticking with a preconceived set of exercises where each one builds upon or reinforces previous assignments and ideas, or, he may completely disarm himself and try something altogether new to him, something one might have accidently stumbled upon spilling coffee on the newspaper at breakfast.

One such exercise came to me while I was sopping spilled coffee up from a daily crossword puzzle. I found myself unconsciously rather than intentionally composing a 'found' poem one morning with the words and phrases entered in the down and across columns. I bought a new paper on my way to school, cut the columns out minus the box of squares to be filled in, made enough copies for each child, told them what I had found myself doing, and passed them out. Here's an example or two of what one might expect to happen:

We used to
Make fun of Jacob's brother.
Crinkly fabric,
Elliptical,
Broken words.
He was an Ohioan,
One of the Tylers.
A jumbled mind.
He knew only orders.
We used to
Make fun of Jacob's brother.
Like gruesome carnivores
We tortured him.
Then we were young.
And boys.
Now we know what we did
To Jacob's brother.

Chriss Frissell
7th Grade

Or this frighteningly prophetic poem about Watergate written by David Main, then an 8th grader, just as news about the scandal hit the stands three years ago:

WATERGATE

Edison's my middle name
and things are not the same.
The bug in the rug got caught
and Wallace and Noah are getting hot.
The re-birth of a new era came
today as dull sounds echoed
throughout the White Herdman's hut.
The lawyers and Hindus rushed
and gushed like Abominable snowmen
in time to the whoopee dance up
and down the Danube.
As the Pharoah of Little Egypt wielded
his big hammer of light wood,
and the Teapot dome sailed by,
wolves quartered him with their
government power, lean and hungry...

as they cried "Adhere O-Chief!"
he tried to back off
but they backed him down,
aliens, angers with slender swords.
All this as dull thuds echoed
in the Herdman's hut.

Recently I talked with a class of 8th graders about the possibility of finding material for poems anywhere, where one least expects it. I had also talked with them about figurative language and the importance of vivid description, and of making comparisons between unlike things for the sheer fun of it. I sent them home with this assignment: before you recklessly gulp down all that stuff on your dinner plate, see if you haven't got something there worth writing out. Dave Raykowski came to class the next day with this beauty:

I SPILLED MY MILK

I spilled my milk,
the river flowed rapidly through
the spinach
and on down between the deep
crevices of the baked potato
and off the cliffs of roast beef,
down into a pool of gravy
where it waited to be tended to.

I'd like to conclude with one more poem, a touching and wonderfully honest piece written by Lolly Herron, a 5th grader. As all her classmates did, Lolly listened attentively for more than half a period about the importance of our deepest feelings and our memories of them. She wrote this poem during the time that remained, perhaps 10 or 15 minutes:

I'M SO SORRY

I'm sorry
for what I did
I didn't mean to
take the baby birds
They were hurt
so so bad
I'm sorry they died
I did everything I could
to save them
I fed them
I watered them
I even buried them close together

BLUES & BRIGHTS

HOLD EVERYTHING

The world runs like the ocean currents,
    I flow like the riffle river.
I have grown a husky beard,
    while you, a few nubs.
Voices sound like far off, rolling thunder,
    mine must sound like electricity feels.
I have read the book while they
    have not read the title.
My dessert is gone and you
    have just buttered your bread.
I have been happy, sad, mad, and wondering,
    and you are happy.
My heart has pumped gallons of blood,
    and yours is being primed.

Ron Trow
Lodge Grass

GAMES

One night you threw
rocks at my dog
and burned holes
through my skin.
So, I looked at the sky
and pretended it
was interesting.
But it was just
a game.
You won, of course,
you always did,
and I gave in again
cursing you and the
playing of games.

Paula Verplogen
Havre High School

PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON

I saw phony.
I saw cheap.
I saw the Skagit River again.
I heard you walking.
I saw myself.

I saw wind in my boots.
I heard the eagle soar.
I felt the handprint on the wall.

I drank your beer.
I shared your bed.
I ride a chrome bike.
I heard good book walking.
I saw cold sun waking.
I know your door is always open.

I felt lonesome wind.
I heard big ships sailing.
I saw jump.

I ran.
I saw free.
I felt foghorns blow.
I heard rocking horse people
    eating marshmallow pie.
I saw walk, don't walk.
I heard my wolverine.
Looks like thunder.
I'm much too old.

Rick Morrow
Billings Senior High School

IN MYSELF

My form sits in class
with a faint murmur of x + y + z
but my soul soars outside the closed walls
over mountains and forests
like an eagle
I fly
I sit at home my mind in a song
I float with melody
my body sits empty
my eyes looking clear
but I am not there
I fly to the sky's end
I am an eagle
today I fly
Tomorrow I take out the garbage.

Lorri Vinion
Russell Elementary
Missoula

LIFE IN AN EGG

Life in an egg is very hard for me.
I am as wrinkled up as a prune.
If I try to move,
I get even more scrunched up.
I don't like it in an egg —
it is so small, even smaller than me.
It's as small as a two inch rock,
and I'm 4 foot 5 inches.
It is a very hard life for me.

Kelly Siefert
Opheim Elementary

A little quietness
would allow me to think
and I want to think
If I had a pair of ear plugs
maybe I could think
I want to shut out all
the outside noise
I want to sit and think
of what I could write into a poem
I want to sit and think
of how things could be
I want to sit and think
about the future
I want to sit and think
about quietness
the quietness that
allows me to think.

Tim Runkel
Ronan High School

A LILY'S LIFE

A lily
is beautiful
and then when
it grows
it is ugly
and that is how it goes.

Ronna
Elmo Elementary

Bring a ring and a button
and ink through the snowstorm
it will be cold. So hang on
John!

Susie Britton
Cold Springs Elementary
Missoula

It feels like flowers are growing at the bottom of the river.
It feels like the cool and warm, like roses growing.
It feels like the wind blowing cool and strong.
It feels like a fish burped very softly.
It feels like a car that is very noisy.
It feels like a cloud that rains all the time.
It feels like a circus parade with a clown who is
juggling and making a lot of noise.
It feels like elephants stomping and roaring
and making a lot of noise.
It feels like my mom washing dishes and doing it very softly.

Mike
Whittier Elementary
Great Falls

I like to be outside when the sky looks like
a huge blue sapphire
I like to chase a rainbow right after a
summer rain
I like to stand on top of a haystack,
pretending I'm a giant
I like to look toward town on a clear
night, as it shimmers like a wedding band
of many diamonds
I like to eat watermelon on a hot summer day
I like to float down a creek on an innertube
and pretend I'm a duck out for a swim
I like to play basketball and play dirty

Jennifer
Granite High School
Philipsburg

WHERE I SIT

As I sit on the sun bathed porch,
I see the cats on the rug asleep.

The dog runs by chasing a butterfly
barking with happiness. The smell of
bread baking and supper cooking puts
me in a trance. My father walks by
whistling a strange song. A hawk flies
over looking for food.

And here I sit and let my life age.

Susan Compton
Heron Elementary

I dreamed that I was a lion and I was in the circus in Ohio. I had lots of lessons but at the show I did not know anything and I was taken out of the circus and then they took me to California to put in an animal prison. And then they tried me in the show and I did good in the show there because it was nice there. And in Ohio it was cold so I did not do good in Ohio. And that was my dream.

Michelle Hensley
Lewis & Clark Elementary
Great Falls

UPSET

This is the morning that the horizon
moved down from the sun.
This is the morning that a dark grey cloud
held me to my bed.
This is the morning I woke up to insane laughter
from the alarm clock whose tongue was ablaze of fire.
This is the morning silence stole my ears and
voices stayed in my pocket.
This is the morning when the night before
kicked my head and said "don't forget."
This is the morning my Levis swallowed me
and threw up.
This is the morning the day died but
the cat laughed and ran away.

Steve Woodwick
Havre High School

ALONE

I have four lone wolves
and the darkness of my head.
I wake, flying through space,
grabbing at stars to slow me down,
while flowers bloom,
now worrying if the sun
will shine or die.

Colleen Wright
Ronan High School

BESIDE MYSELF

Beside myself, I am alone.
Alone with all my thoughts.
I live alone. I die alone.
I have no one but myself.

I don't live behind bars.
I am in jail in myself.

Anita Arcannel
Browning Junior High

MOON FACE

Blister moon kiss my face
while I ride white horse wagon

Brush my face oh lonely sound
your nights not come for muskrat's revenge

I listen to lonely skylark's moan
she tells stories of pain

Grass grows high under eyelids
stone, my brother, sleeping

I know you well black man of cheese
where you once plowed up whispering winds

Hold my hand on rising sun
dear moon has left me alone

in cups of red noodles
Please not today that ripping cold

who snowbound lost has trapped my hand
I have not to step over mountain peak

I have only to touch
moon face tonight.

Kevin Helvey
Billings Senior High School

I DREAMED

I dreamed that my body fell into my mind
like being swallowed by a great snake.
I dreamed that there was death, and blood
flowed like honey in a way that it sweetened
the death and corrupted man.
I dreamed that all the world was a ball
and as the gods played basketball,
they flattened it with one mighty blow.
I dreamed that children lined the walls
like paint, and cracked and dried,
then fell away unwanted.

Ginger
Bozeman High School

I was galloping down the trail
of my drive way

It was windy and snowy

I tied my horse to a small post

I strutted into the saloon

I said, "whiskey please"
My mom slapped my face

I pulled out my sixgun
and shot off a cap bang!

My mom screamed and
dropped my milk

She told me to clean my room
I kicked my broomstick

and bawling, ran up to my room

Marc Smith
Jefferson Elementary
Missoula

BORED

I feel like an old book that looks brand new.

Carol
Plenty Coups High School
Pryor

LONELY

I feel like a ripening apple in the month of December.

Plenty Coups High School
Pryor

When I am in bed I hear
cars rambling by
and my dad watching T.V.
in the other room
and talking with my mom.
And have you ever thought
about dying?
I sit there in bed with my
nose plugged up,
having to go to the bathroom,
afraid to get up
in case my dad hears me
and spanks me.
Thinking of my bird, just
like he's in jail, I get up
and pet him, and go back
to bed.

Terry Murphy
Central Elementary
Missoula

Dresses are bad
Blue jeans are the best
especially when they are faded
They seem to go with everything
but your mother.

Michelle Kemper
Rattlesnake Elementary
Missoula

THE HORSE

I was born a horse.
I lived in a beautiful green pasture where I grew.
I knew nature, no longer small.
Then, they took me away to a big race track
where I saw suffering, many colors of people,
confusion of eyes.
Now I am old and despised.
I am left in the bad pasture with bad water
and no food.
I am old.
To be old on the earth is bad.

Guilherme Corrua Lemos
Opheim High School

I AM FROM LONG AGO

Long ago there were open plains.
Long ago the buffalo roamed the land.
Long ago smoke rose from teepees.
Long ago rivers ran free from pollution.
Long ago the sky was a pure blue.
Long ago the spirits talked with my people.
Long ago my people lived free on this land.
Long ago my will to live died.
I am my people crying out.
I am the spirit that flew away.
I am the baby that laughs nomore.
I am the mother that cries.
I am the grandfather who remembers.
I am an Indian.

Brenda Ellis
Billings Senior High School

Breath drawn in, arms above my head
goose pimples chasing up my legs
as I walk gasping, deeper and deeper into shadowy water.

Minnows nibbling at my skin
I dive in
and swim, stretching out, pulling back,
pretending I'm a frog
coming up for a shivered breath, swimming like
a dog with his head up
gazing at the peaks beyond the lake
they're holding up the pastel sky.

I swim way out until
I'm in the middle,
the shore looms dark but strangely friendly
I welcome loneliness
turn back now, stretching towards shore
then running up the salt-smelling sand
to crouch by the fire, warming my chattering bones.

Kathe Jarka
Paxson Elementary
Missoula

JUST ME

I am the enemy to small fowl.
I kill and I am a scavenger.
Living in a dark, lonely place,
I exist alone. I have no friends,
no nodding acquaintances, just me.
Today I saw another fox,
running across the slender horizon.
But it was only a glancing thought
that I might know him.
I sometimes wish I weren't what I am,
who I am. I exist alone.
I have no friends,
no nodding acquaintances.
Just me.

Martha Steele
Whitehall High School

Dear John,

I am
sorry
I
put
sauce
in your
underwear
it was
so funny
I kissed
my girl
friend
and
she
is
only
8
and
she
wears
lip
stick
and
that
night
I had
lip
stick
on
my
lips
and
the
next
day

I
put
lip
stick
on and
I kissed
her in
the lips
and she
went
crazy

Mike Ward
Whittier Elementary
Bozeman

THE BASKET

Once upon a time, there was a basket.
Its name was Alfred.
It had not a thing in it.
I am sorry.

Allison
Irving Elementary
Bozeman

NASTY

I'm sorry
for the way I acted
those nights.

My hands roamed
like the Nomads of the desert
the gentle curves of the desert
so soft, so desirable.

I can only hope you'll forgive me
for what I've done and
for what I am going to do.

Dale Phipps
Busby High School

THE RAINY WEEK

The rainy week is bad for me.
I can't go out.
Rainy days remind me of five things.
One is I think it's the end of the world
and we might be drowned.
Two is that I think that all the animals
will die of pneumonia
and I think it's spooky without wildlife.
Three — when it really rains hard,
I don't like it because it gets too muddy.
Four, I don't like it because all of the winos
have no place to go and it's cold
and they might catch pneumonia too.
Five, I hate rain because it might flood.
I hate floods. I don't like the looks of them
when all the houses are floating down
and the cars are covered with water.
That's why I don't like rain.

Mike Ollinger
Browning Junior High School

THE DAY WHEN THE FLOWER WIND CAME

This is the
day when the flower
wind came on the 2nd of
july when it hit us soft all
the blue flowers bloomed the
fastest then other flowers
did when it hit the
people were filled
with laughter of all the
city looked real pretty I think
this city is prettier than it
was before but the most
pretty of all was
when
the
flow
ers
grew on
the houses
too
thats
how
come
they
laughed.

Paula
Lame Deer Public

RainRainRainRainRainRain
RainRainRainRainRainRain
RainRainRainIRainRainRain
RainRainRainRainRainRain
RainRainRainThirstyRain
RainRainRainRainRainRain
RainRainRainRainRainRain

Janet Pogue
Billings Senior High School

My memory is a camera

It will never ruin
A snowflake never melting

Your footsteps in my vivid
imagination.

Tilly Donnafield
Busby High School

WHITE XMAS

the raw redness of those cliffs
& the car radio humming
white xmas
& me humming
white xmas
licking the red dust from my skin
I saw the cliffs shake
& Crosby skipped
a couple bars
I knew my mother
too far down the road
was crying
the wet kiss
on the back of my hand
shook with the car
going faster & faster
white xmas white xmas
the disc jockey kept saying
this is only a test

Kim Anderson
Sentinel High School
Missoula

A GREAT LOVE POEM OF ALL TIME

Stephanie can't live without Gregg,
    Anita is Brian's dream come true,
  John and Paula are inseparable,
    Jason is the cutest curly-haired kid,
Cindy is just fantastic,
    we're all in love,
  and everything is roses.
this week

Scott Tucker
Great Falls High School

THURSDAY my book report
    was due in history,
they had corn dogs for
    hot lunch,
it snowed again after
    three spring days,
Lanny Jenson took a swan dive
    off the school bell tower,
and we talked about it
    ALL THE WAY HOME.

Scott Tucker
Great Falls High School

CHANGE

Oh, Oh. lookout!
Here comes another change.
So soon? I barely got over the last one!

Cammie Brown
Ronan High School

POEMS IN HIGH SCHOOL

David Long

My first aim in working with high school students is to find means for them to get to know their own voices, something that's already theirs. But "voice" is a tricky word, what is meant? Poetry is, first and last, the spoken word. In these paperback days we shouldn't forget that poetry shares roots with song, chant, prayer, and storytelling. What's down on the page in black and white might be thought of as the *footprints* of the real poem, the one made out of breath. Just as no two snowflakes or fingerprints or sunsets are alike, no two voices are. Each comes out of a different body, and each body is the vault of a different set of visions, memories, ideas, dreams, imaginings, frustrations, skills, cravings... The job is to hear exactly how we sound, and then to see what new territories of expression the voice can lead us into. Of course, there are plenty of distractions. For instance, the average high school student in America, I'm told, has watched somewhere over 350,000 television commercials, not to mention the shows. The figure is fortunately less for the rural Montanan, though clearly the thoughts and sounds of the national culture are strong in all of us these days. But how do *we* sound? What's rattling around unnamed in our imaginations? How can we get at that energy?

By "voice" I have in mind several things, ranging from the sleepy grunts we give each other in the hallways every morning, to our most carefully considered speech, to our most anguished crying, to our most passionate yelling and singing. The point is, regardless of the situation we find ourselves in, we respond, we feel things. We all bump into moments in the history of our lives that need speaking about, when we stop and say, *wait a minute, this is important...*

In the classroom I don't necessarily look for the well-made poem. I look for the raw edge in somebody's language, that open nerve, words that sound like they've never quite been put together that way before. It still amazes me that at this late date someone sitting there on a Thursday morning in the back of Miss Fly's sophomore English can utter a line *nobody* in the history of the universe has come up with before. Say it in a new way and it can never look quite the same again. See it that new way and even the crummyoldeveryday world is that much more mysterious.

My own evolution in the Poetry in the Schools program, especially in the high schools, has been away from heavily structured "language games" — at least as a steady diet. I realized that it wasn't too hard to come up with something that looked like a pretty good piece of writing, but was somehow empty. I wanted to get beyond that. I've come around to the poet Phillip Lopate's belief that "a poem that doesn't deliver the emotional goods is a waste of time." The "writing starters" I use now are mostly short on devices, and less and less as the week's residency progresses. Hopefully they provide just enough structure that people's ideas fall into them naturally, just enough to engage the gears. One note on any poetry device: there are no guarantees. A group that's in the mood to write one day, may want to listen another. Or maybe that sure-fire exercise you cooked up back home just isn't going to be right for that class. Everything I do in the classroom relates in some way to how real poems get written; after all, nobody wants to feel like what they're doing is trivial or silly.

The voice, like any good muscle, needs exercising, stretching. It needs to say some things it's never said before. Most of us are pretty good at the usual everyday kind of talk, the trading of information, answering questions like: "What time is it?" When I'm first with a class I try to show that words don't always have to fit this kind of contract, that they can be like the stone or clay of a sculptor. They aren't always logical in the usual way. Supposing the answer were: "The plums are humming." What time would *that* be? The imagination has its own logic.

Sometimes in a class we'll do QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Everyone gets a partner, maybe someone you don't know very well. Each person, separately, writes out six questions (who, what, when, where, how, why) on one side of the sheet, then six answers (same order) on the back side. Each question and each answer are completely separate, just individual lines out of the blue. They don't have to have anything to do with each other, or even make much sense. But they all should sound interesting. When that's done, we go around the room: first person reads the first question, second person answers with his/her corresponding answer, and so on. *Why does the cat's fur bristle? Because it's my birthday and no one is home.* I call these *collisions*. What happens when you run one person's words, ideas, images, against another's? Doesn't this happen everyday inside us anyway? It usually turns out to be a lot of fun, full of surprises and sharp jogs to the imagination.

There are lots of other ways to set up collisions. For instance, have everyone pick some interesting words out of their heads and write them on the board — good physical words like "porcelain" and "fidget" and "sparrow hawk." Then write a prose poem (or one with lines if you like) that tries to uncover the story that's going on between some of the words. Can you bring the most dissimilar words together somehow? Can you make sense out of it? Another note here: I'd heard that expression "make sense" often in the classroom; seemed like that's what everyone was supposed to be doing most of the time. And yet, in the way it's usually used, nothing's being "made," just "fit into" the regular logic of the world. Then it dawned on me that this was the business of the poet: to make sense where it didn't exist before, *from scratch*. Anyway, the point of the collision sort of game is simply to loosen up, to get over a fear of really working the language.

One of the misconceptions about recent poetry is that it is no longer concerned with rhyme and meter, with form. In the classroom I usually avoid teaching traditional forms because I

think they can be a needless damper on a beginning writer's energy (though there are exceptions: see the *sestinas* included in the "group poems" section). The poem, after all, is about feeling and experience, not about rhymed words. But I am careful to show that most contemporary poets do care a great deal about sound and pacing. Inexperienced writers often can short-circuit the natural force of their poems by trying to make them into a perfect form — the urge to stick in the first thing that rhymes is pretty hard to resist, and often the real image isn't awakened. But some kind of pattern can be helpful in doing a poem, so I sometimes suggest picking a formula to begin each line: I saw..., Let..., I'm tired of..., and so on. The variations are infinite, and I've found that almost anything will work. It's a way of writing as old as the Bible and the results are often startling, chant or prayer-like. I particularly liked this by Chris Prociv of Billings:

I curse this god-forsaken land on which I fight.
I curse the hail which ruins our crops.
I curse the frost that freezes our unripe vegetables and fruits.
I curse the fire that kills the hogs and burns the barn.
I curse the truck that burns in the hayfield.
I curse high prices.
I curse the gas company for not letting us buy gas.
I curse the man who lets his cows trample our hay.
I curse the neighbors who lock their gates.
I curse the contaminated water we drink.
I curse my wornout shoes and ragged clothes.
I curse winter.
I curse our road without any gravel.
I curse the creek when it runs dry.
I curse the bare pasture where my horses stand.
I curse our septic tank when it backs up into the basement.
I curse the water line.
I curse the land company for giving us a loan.
I curse the crooked men.
I curse my father's rugged face and think "why us?"
I curse the eight-mile fence.
I curse the night.

I try not to have too narrow an idea of what a good poem looks like — it varies so much from voice to voice. One of the worst distractions in the way of discovering what your kind of poem is, is worrying about what a poem *ought* to do. It's a problem writers of all ages have. Better to just let it all come out first and then later see what you've got and shape it. In the high schools, there's another big distraction: being too *abstract*, trying to talk about everything at once. High school writers sometimes think you have to weed through all the real experiences and only put down the organized ideas, the truths — as if what really happened weren't worth anything. But, of course, poetry's different from philosophy. Poetry is about how things happen (real or imagined), and how we feel about it all. Being too vague or general can quickly frustrate good writing, and needlessly. Want to write about something big like LOVE? Okay: what/who do you love? what's he/she/it like? what kinds of things does it make you feel? exactly how does it all happen? Love's like light: hard to talk about without saying what it falls on, what it lights up. Leave the essays for another time, tell what it's like to haul rocks for a friend, or what the moon looks like over the Bear Paws in June or September. What about love's odd moments, when she spills Hawaiian Punch on your art project, or his eyes suddenly turn you into water. How about showing what a complicated mixture of emotions love can be, as the speaker in Rachel O'Keeper's poem does:

TIME

It's two-thirty A. M. now
Bars dark, streets silent.
The dog whines at the door to come in.
You're home now, I know because I heard you.
You stumble and fall
I get up from our bed to make you coffee.
You begin to cry and tell me you're sorry.
I help you up and bring you to bed.
I'm sorry too.

Or what about feelings that are less obvious, those confusions we all have, as in Donna Swank's poem:

WHAT IS IT

in the pit of my stomach
a dead bird
the decision not made
the mother
in the dark kitchen
her coffee cup with the broken handle
or a train wreck
or something I ate gone sour
my sister crying
he doesn't love me
I hate him I hate him

Or this nearly perfect little poem by a third-grader, Richard Lee Henderson, from Great Falls — who hasn't had a day like this?

One morning I was going to fix my bike
I went outside to fix
and forgot to fix my bike.

Most residencies in the high schools last a week. A lot can happen in this short time, one of the most important things being that teachers, students and poet can all get to know something about each other's real and imaginary lives. Though we believe many of the skills of writing can be communicated, the poet doesn't bring with him/her a cellophaned package of goods. It's something else, something more important. I often wonder what will remain with people after I've moved on. Maybe the images from a few poems — theirs and mine — and some ideas about making poems, but I'd guess mostly it's an enthusiasm, an attitude. Or so I hope.

I GREW WINGS

IF I HAD BEEN A SHOOTING STAR

If I was a shooting star
I'd go through the universe very far
I'd also have a very large mass
of ice, snow, and a lot of gas.
I'd zoom past the planets
and way past the sun
I'd go faster than any comet has done.
I'd be discovered from a tall tower.
I'd look just like a great snow shower.

Then I'd turn into myself
And I'd wonder and wonder
Why did I look like this?
When I had looked like the thunder
I was in Black and in the dark.
I zoomed right past a meadow lark.

Robbey Allen
Roosevelt Elementary
Missoula

THE EARTH

The earth is as round
as a silver dollar.
It sparkles like the snow,
like it's rare.
I like you humans.
You treat me as if
I were a bouncing ball,
rolling around the universe,
like I was keeping on
trucking down the road,
and keeping you humans
safe and safe.

Darrell Stump
Rocky Boy School

STAR

I am a star.
I help the scoop in the Big Dipper.
I shine like a sapphire.
Sometimes, I'm the first star out,
and people all over the world
wish on me.

Debby
Opheim High School

SHE FELT CRAZY AND STRANGE

She heard her own name calling her saying come into my arms and I'll feed you, keep you in a warm house with children laughing, playing, so she went further into the strange world. Just then she sees a handsome guy. She asked him are you the *one who called me and he said yes I did.* I know it is a strange place but it's the same way I got here. I tried to get out but I couldn't, there's no way out except to stay here forever. But one day she went to see the king of the world and said to him how do you get out of this place to get to my own world and live with the flowers and trees, there is no way out of here.

Traci Keller
Whittier Elementary
Great Falls

A girl in dull brown
In a dull place
She drifts off to sleep
A dream drifts into her mind
She dreams she is in a field
She is wearing a bright red dress
Picking plums of the darkest purple
A prince rides by
In a beautiful orange cloak
He asks the lovely maiden
To come away with him and be his wife
But the maiden, handsome as he is
In his beautiful orange cloak,
Shakes her head, saying no.

Marla Geischman
Central Elementary
Missoula

It seems as if the blue light was calling my name. When I went forward so I was surrounded by this light, it was just like a door opened up and showed a palace in the water. There were people dressed very elegantly and they looked just as I did except for one thing: they were very tiny; only a little over a foot high. There were magnificent horses and they were very small too. It was like a story you'd read in a book, but I was really there and I was really seeing it. They didn't act as if I were even there. There was a rich velvet throne and my name seemed to be coming from behind it. I walked over to it and it seemed to tell me to sit down. When I did the people all stopped. One came forward and spoke to me. He asked if I believed this. It was the same voice that had been calling my name. When I said I did, they told me to go back to my home and tell everyone what I'd seen. If they believed me, then they'd know we were like them and they wanted me to come back. If no one believed me, I was never to return. I already knew I wouldn't return.

Marie Hebnes
Granite High School
Philipsburg

THE CHANGES OF THE SEASONS

I am that great emperor that tells the trees
to drop their used clothing and settle back for a relaxing time.
I control the geese, shooing them north.
They dare not stay when my anger turns to cold, harsh emotions.
I freeze life away. I blow my winds strong. Power, power, power...
my life, my self, my way of living. My want for company
mellows my temper. I welcome the songbirds
to homes I have prepared. The trees dress in their finery
and flowers dance at the order of my breezes.
I search them. I burn them. I cool them.
I haven't time or patience to stay spring, summer, winter, fall.
I am an unknown greatness.
An anonymous king.

Kelly Kunz
Whitehall High School

MOUNTAINS

Two birds building a nest in Washington's eye on Mount Rushmore.
Two penguins sliding down Mount Snowslide in the north pole.
Two mountain goats climbing up Mount Matterhorn.
Two people climbing up Mount Everest.
Two eagles circled Mount Rainier.
Two walruses saw some penguins sliding down Mount Icicles.
Two mice dug a hole in Mount Softside.
Two pack rats carrying away junk from Mount Junk.
Two ants crawling up Mount Anthill.
Two fish swimming in Mount Jackcreek.

Dena Sanford
Longfellow Elementary
Bozeman

HOW THINGS IN THE UNIVERSE GO TO SLEEP

How does a word go to sleep? A word
shrivels up and d.sappears.

How does the wind go to sleep?
He winds up a pole and swirls around all night.

How does a book go to sleep? Why it
closes up like a clam.

Susan A. Pfliger
Cold Springs Elementary
Missoula

TO TALK TO A DOG

1. Why do you eat out of a bowl? It's the only thing to eat out of.
2. How come you always bark? There isn't anything to talk about.
3. Where do you get such a long nose? I was born that way.
4. How come you never run after the stick when I tell you to?
   Because you never tell me to go get it.
5. Why are you so lovely? Because you think I am.

Patty Grover
Opheim Elementary

SEVEN DOORS

I open the first door and see a child
growing. Only that child instead of
starting from the ground & growing up,
he lives in the air and grows til he
can touch the ground.
I open the second door and see the sky
with all the stars & clouds but the
sun is out and the ground is the sky.
I open the third door and see a glass of
red, clear, bubbling wine. The wine
grows cloudy & I taste it, it is blood.
I open the fourth door and see rain falling
like sparkling diamonds from the sky
but the diamonds land and are tears of
silver gold.
On the other side of the fifth door
I sense love and look to see the earth
embrace the loved ones she feeds only
to fall back destroyed by their stupidity.
Behind the sixth door
I see my mother waking me from a sleep
that has been made wide eyed.
I open the seventh door
and see a light that
is nothing but the night.

Cher
Lodge Grass Elementary

THE FIREFLY

I am a firefly
I love to fly
Sometimes I wonder
How come I have four wings
That look like stretched raindrops
And why I make a buzzing noise
I just don't know do you?

Shelly Francisco
Roosevelt Elementary
Missoula

I went to the first
door and saw a
big clear sky full
of stars of many colors.

I went to the second door
and saw a sun set behind
high mountains.

I went to the third door
and saw nothing but
trees, grass, and animals.

I liked what I saw in the
third door so I didn't bother
to open the other two doors.

Plenty Coups High School
Pryor

I DREAMED

I dreamed that Jesus died from eating red oranges.
I dreamed that a guy named Charlie turned into a rock.
I dreamed that Chief Cliff turned into a camel.
I dreamed that the Gulf of Mexico turned red
because it filled with blood.
I dreamed that Mama Cass died from falling off a 10 story building.
I dreamed I was a book and became famous.
I dreamed I was on the moon and eating all the cheese.
I dreamed Charlie Brown went and jumped off an airplane.
I dreamed that the three bears came and visited me.
I dreamed God sat on me and wouldn't let me up for being bad.
I dreamed that I had a headache
and an Excedrin bottle started to go "bom, bom, bom, bom."

Dorsette
Elmo Elementary

I walk up the stair and saw five doors
I open the first and saw someone driving a desk.

And then I open the second and saw a number
and mice eating them up

Then the third door I open it and there was
an ax cutting heads up

The fourth door I open it and there was a baby
a man was eating it up

The fifth door I open it, flowers fighting
with each other...

Doris
Philipsburg Elementary

Do
Ostriches
Need
Earthworms
To
Tromp on
Eggs

Fat
Aardvarks
Yawn
Everywhere

Even
Blonde
Baboons
Unite with
Terrible
Tigers

Donette Ebbut
Central Elementary
Missoula

Everyone was in the line
waiting for Hawaii to come slipping under them
They were grabbing at the porcelain pirates
sold by the water front
trying to snatch the biggest brightest pomegranate
to take home to their nieces and nephews
back at the end of the war,
to say to them "See I've been somewhere better
than you."
I was in a shop that sold shiny owl globes
and I met a man who sold me a necklace of cranberries
made by the natives.
He sold autumn colored grass skirts and owned a Hula Hooping school
made exclusively for old people
and he had a shop in New York that made
cardboard dresses for the high society ladies
who lived on Nowhere Boulevard in Washington.

Glen Atkin
Columbia Falls High School

THE AUCTION

Step right up folks, get your sandwiches and coffee. The auction is about to begin. Now here we have a fine used mother. Step right up here little lady. Isn't she sweet folks? All right now. This model is one of the oldest and best known, the Saturday beach and Sunday park type. Never has given the family who used her a bit of trouble. Never even been in the body repair shop. What do I hear as a starting off bid? A hug and a kiss? C'mon folks, this here model has all the extras. A soft voice, gentle hands, good nature, and she even cooks as a bonus — mighty fine food too. Ah! Do I hear 50 hugs, 20 kisses and a family thrown in? That's better folks! Now you see the quality standing here right before your eyes. This little lady only has 45 years on her and she had very little rough usage, like I said folks, Sunday parks and Saturday beaches. OK. I heard a fine bid of unlimited hugs and kisses, a dog, a Sunday driving car and a family plus a house in the country. I think you'll give this package a real nice home. Sold! Next? Oh, step right up here little granny.

Betty Geldrich
Ronan High School

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

I am a minute. I was born on the twelve
and from there I have had billions of adventures:
the carpenter nailing on a shingle,
the cat washing his face,
the husband talking to his wife over the phone.
Now I am back around to the place of my birth
and like the bird flying out of sight,
I am gone.

Tammy Hamund
Whitehall High School

SEVEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A CLOCK

1. A clock is just two arrows going around and around, shooting numbers as they go by!
2. A clock is just the letter "0" with little specks floating inside.
3. A clock is just 2 rockets shooting to planets, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
4. A clock is just a steering wheel at times, with a speedometer inside.
5. A clock is just Mickey Mouse with no ears at all, his eyes are numbers and his two noses are long.
6. A clock is just a different sun that tells time a different way.
7. A clock is just a door into "Tick-tock" time, that leads you in a whole new world of time.

Greg Manley
Whittier Elementary
Bozeman

MY POETRY WAVES ARE VERY RINGY DINGY

My waves know when someone is near.
When someone is near my waves,
they seem like they want to jump out.
But when I am all alone,
my waves just seem to die off.
My waves seem to like people around me.

Deanna
Rocky Boy School

THE SCHOOL

The school is nothing but the world.
It is as peaceful as the moon.
I learned the alphabet from the fruit of the Gods.
I learned spelling from the clouds that passed by.
It wasn't nothing like our world,
No electricity for refrigerators,
No teachers, no books, not even a word.
All but the laughter in the air.

David
Lame Deer Public School

A butterfly spoke
it said
come follow me
I grew wings

Leann Foster
Ronan High School

MY SCHOOL

My school would be of imagination.
You would imagine a thing or that you were
something and it would be there or you
would be it. I would have my school
someplace quiet as in the woods.
I would teach if you let your imagination
run free you could do or be anything.
Everybody would learn from their own
imagination. If you imagined you were a bird
you would learn how to fly. If you imagined
you were a brook you would learn how to swim.
If you imagined you were a tree you would learn
how to stand tall and then bend in the wind.
You would learn how to whisper when the wind blew.
You could learn anything you wanted to from
the things you imagined. That's what my school
would be like.

Philipsburg Elementary

SOME RECOMMENDED RESOURCES

MY SISTER LOOKS LIKE A PEAR by Douglas Anderson, 1974. (P.O. Box 82, Canby, OR 97013. $2.95.)

JOY TO THE WORLD: Writing Poems with Children in Georgia by Rosemary Daniell, 1975. (Georgia Council of the Arts, 706 Peachtree Center, South Building, 225 Peachtree Street NE, Atlanta, GA 30303.)

WISHES, LIES & DREAMS: Teaching Children to Write Poetry by Kenneth Koch, 1970. (Vintage paperback, $1.95.)

ROSE WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RED? Teaching Great Poetry to Children by Kenneth Koch, 1973. (Random House.)

HOMEMADE POEMS by Daniel Lusk, 1974. (Lame Johnny Press, Hermosa, SD 57744. $2.95.)

STONE SOUP: A Journal of Children's Literature. (Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063. Single copy $2., one year, $5.)

TEACHERS & WRITER COLLABORATIVE PUBLICATIONS (186 West 4th Street, New York City, NY 10014.) — many fine resources including: THE WHOLE WORD CATALOG, $3. TEACHERS & WRITERS COLLABORATIVE NEWSLETTER, 3 issues, $5. Includes list of current resources of interest to writing teachers.

ALSO: Many state arts councils publish an anthology from their Poets-in-the-Schools program each year. These books are a valuable resource and may be ordered directly from the respective arts councils.

INDEX OF CONTRIBUTORS

Tom A., Morningside Elementary, Great Falls, 6th 15
Bob Adams, Ronan High School 18
Robbey Allen, Roosevelt Elementary, Missoula, 3/4 47
Allison, Irving Elementary, Bozeman, 3rd 40
Kim Anderson, Sentinel High School, Missoula, Senior 7, 42
Anita Arcanel, Browning Junior High School 35
Darin Arganbright, Carter Elementary, Kindergarten 22
Darrell Armstrong, Browning Junior High School 9
Glen Atkin, Columbia Falls High School 53
Keith Aylesworth, Ronan High School 17

Woodrow Bear Child, Browning Junior High School 17
Cheryl Boehning, Stevensville High School 13
Pat Brenner, Russell Elementary, Missoula, 6th 5
Susie Britton, Cold Springs Elementary, Missoula, 5th 33
Cammie Brown, Ronan High School 42
Dave Bumbeck, Prescott Elementary, Missoula, 8th 12

Carol, Plenty Coups High School, Pryor 37
Cathy Chamberlain, Loma Elementary, 5th ..... inside cover
Nedra Chandler, Longfellow Elementary, Bozeman, 4th 8
Cher, Lodge Grass Elementary 51
Fredrick Coffey, Rocky Boy School, 7/8 17
Susan Compton, Heron Elementary 34
Carrie Connelly, Browning Junior High School 8
Guilherme Corrua Lemos, Opheim High School, 10th 38
Ella Crawford, Browning Junior High School 7
Sara Croft, Browning Junior High School 8

Joe D., Morningside Elementary, Great Falls, 6th 15
Mary Ann D., Ronan High School 13
David, Lame Deer Public School, 7th 55
Deanna, Rocky Boy School 54
Debby, Opheim High School, 9th 47
Terry DeBonde, Bozeman High School 11
Tilly Donnafield, Busby High School, Junior 42
Doris, Philipsburg Elementary, 5th 52
Dorsette, Elmo Elementary, 6/7/8 52

Robert Eagleman, Rocky Boy School, 7/8 10
Donette Ebbut, Central Elementary, Missoula, 7th 52
Brenda Ellis, Billings Senior High School 38

Gary Fabricius, Prescott Elementary, Missoula, 7th 14
Leann Foster, Ronan High School 55
Shelly Francisco, Roosevelt Elementary, Missoula, 3/4 51
Chriss Frissell, Rattlesnake Elementary, Missoula, 7th 30

Betty Geldrich, Ronan High School 53
Marla Getschman, Central Elementary, Missoula, 6th 48
Ginger, Bozeman Senior High School 36
Rose Goldstein, Bozeman Senior High School 17

Kevin L. Good, Carter Elementary, Kindergarten 22
Kurt Grosse, Sunnyside Elementary, Great Falls 14
Patty Grover, Opheim Elementary, 4th 50

Laura H., Opheim High School, 9th ..... inside cover
Connie Hahn, Jefferson Elementary, Missoula, 7th 6
Tammy Hamund, Whitehall High School 54
Kenn Harvey, Billings Senior High School 25
Marshall Hayworth, Loma Elementary, 5th 5, 18
Marty Hayworth, Loma Elementary, 6th 19
Marie Hebnes, Granite High School, Philipsburg, Sophomore 19
Chrissy Heinen, Jefferson Elementary, Missoula, 6th 11
Kevin Helvey, Billings Senior, High School 36
Richard Lee Henderson, Emerson Elementary, Great Falls, 3rd 46
Michelle Hensley, Lewis & Clark Elementary, Great Falls, 3rd 35
Lolly Herron, Cold Springs Elementary, Missoula, 5th 31
Kathy Horesji, Lewis & Clark Elementary, Missoula, 6th 6

Kathe Jarka, Paxson Elementary, Missoula, 8th 39
Jeanne, Opheim High School, 9th 17
Jennifer, Granite High School, Philipsburg, Sophomore 34

Traci Keller, Whittier Elementary, Great Falls, 4th 48
Michelle Kemper, Rattlesnake Elementary, Missoula, 5/6 37
Kelly Kunz, Whitehall High School 49

Lucky, Ronan High School 13

David Main, Franklin Elementary, Missoula, 8th 30
Greg Manley, Whittier Elementary, Bozeman, 4th 54
Margaret, Opheim High School, 9th 9
Mike, Whittier Elementary, Great Falls, 4th 34
Mary Anne Miller, Ronan High School, Senior 18
Debi Morrow, Billings Senior High School 6
Rick Morrow, Billings Senior High School 25, 32
Susan Murdoch, Great Falls High School 5
Terry Murphy, Central Elementary, Missoula, 6th 37

Rachel O'Keeper, Ronan High School 46
Mike Ollinger, Browning Junior High School 41
Lisa O'Reilly, Lewis & Clark Elementary, Missoula, 5th 11

Gary Parks, Granite High School, Philipsburg, Senior 13
Paula, Lame Deer Public School, 6th 41
Susan A. Pfliger, Cold Springs Elementary, Missoula, 4th 50
Brian J. Phillips, Irving Elementary, Bozeman, 4th 18
Dale Phipps, Busby High School, Junior 40
Janet Pogue, Billings Senior High School 41
Chris Prociv, Billings Senior High School 45

David Raykowski, Washington Elementary, Missoula, 8th 31
Cheryl Rippley, Rattlesnake Elementary, Missoula, 4th 11

Ronna, Elmo Elementary, 6/7/8 33
Tim Runkel, Ronan High School 33

Mike S., Irving Elementary, Bozeman, 4th 10
Cheryl St. Goddard, Browning Junior High School 19
Dena Sanford, Longfellow Elementary, Bozeman, 4th 50
Joe Scheer, Bozeman Senior High School 14
Shelly Sharp, Heron Elementary 7
Chris Sieben, Paxson Elementary, Missoula, 6th 7
Kelly Siefert, Opheim Elementary, 4th 33
Marc Smith, Jefferson Elementary, Missoula, 7th 37
Martha Steele, Whitehall High School 39
Stephanie, Irving Elementary, Bozeman, 3rd 18
Darrell Stump, Rocky Boy School, 7/8 47
Denise Stump, Rocky Boy School, 7/8 9
Donna Swank, Billings Senior High School 46

Terri, Ronan High School 11
Scott Tichenar, Meadow Hill Elementary, Missoula, 7th 12
Ron Trow, Lodge Grass 32
Scott Tucker, Great Falls High School 42

Paula Verplogen, Havre High School 32
Lorri Vinion, Russell Elementary, Missoula, 8th 33

Deloria W., Browning Junior High School 19
Bruce Walker, Carter Elementary, Kindergarten 22
Kathy Walker, Ronan High School 12
Mike Ward, Whittier Elementary, Bozeman, 3rd 40
Kenny Watson, Rocky Boy School, 7/8 15
Calvin Weather Wax, Browning Junior High School 19
Dan Webster, Ronan High School 17
Peter Wolf, Sunnyside Elementary, Great Falls 10
Steve Woodwick, Havre High School 35
Colleen Wright, Ronan High School 35

Jerry Zindler, Bozeman High School, Senior 16

UNSIGNED & GROUP POEMS

Bozeman Senior High School, June Safford's class 26
Chief Joseph Elementary, Great Falls, PACE Program 27
Collins Elementary, Black Eagle, 1 & 2 20
Collins Elementary, Black Eagle, 3rd 20
Columbia Falls High School 26
Hall Elementary, Mrs. Thomas' class 21
Irving Elementary, Bozeman, Mrs. Sperry's Kindergarten 22
Lodge Grass Elementary 10
Loma Elementary, Primary class 21
Philipsburg Elementary 55
Plenty Coups High School, Pryor 6, 37, 51
Ronan High School 24
Whittier Elementary, Bozeman, 3rd 23

PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS

Greenough, Sunset
Heron
Hall
Lolo, Woodman
Browning, Vina Chattin
Starr
Babb
Jr. High School
Blackfeet Community Free School
Chouteau County, Loma
Carter
Frenchtown High School
Elementary
Glendive, Dawson County High School
Lodge Grass High School
Lame Deer Public
Pryor School
Billings Sr. High School
Corvallis High School
Butte, West Jr. High School
Columbia Falls High School
Bozeman, Longefellow
Whittier
Irving
Emerson
Sr. High School
Rocky Boy School
Philipsburg, Granite High School
Elementary
Elmo Elementary
Ronan High School
Havre High School
Great Falls, Paris Gibson
Whittier
Sr. High School
West
Russell
Chief Joseph
Whittier
Willard
Lewis and Clark
Collins
Emerson
Roosevelt
Mountain View
Lincoln
Morningside
Meadow Lark
Sunnyside
Lowell
Valley View
Whitehall High School
Medicine Lake Public
Froid High School
Opheim High School
Poplar High School
Baker High School
Missoula, Sentinel High School
Stevensville High School
Busby High School
Missoula District #1
Central
Cold Springs
Emma Dickinson
Franklin
Hawthorne
Jefferson
Lewis and Clark
Lincoln
Rattlesnake
Lowell
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